

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 124.

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1854.

PRICE 1d.
STAMPED 2d.



FRANK, BARNES, AND M'WEVIL MEET AGAIN AT THE BUSH INN, AFTER THE LAPSE OF FIVE YEARS.

FRANK LAYTON: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PARKER'S INN.—A GRUMBLE.

Our readers will please to remember a certain bush tavern, in the public room of which they
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were first introduced to the acquaintance of Percy Effingham and the two stockowners and gamblers—Morris and M'Wevil. The course of our story re-conducts us to the same spot, though not to the same building. The lapse of years had

wrought some changes. The log-constructed tavern had given place to a comfortable and commodious house of entertainment, known as Parker's Inn. The faintly-defined dray-track to the interior had become a more travelled road, forming one of the diverging lines from the overland route between Melbourne and Sydney. The dirty, drabish hostess, formerly mentioned, had disappeared; and in her room was a landlord of comfortable dimensions—the Mr. Parker aforesaid, and a landlady, somewhat spare, of uncertain temper, and fluttering in gay ribbons, with a servant maid having a slightly Irish accent. The land around was under partial cultivation; near the house was a small stockyard and dairy, and there were other indications that the owner of the inn was a farmer and stockowner, on a small but probably a thriving scale. This might be judged, too, from the good-humoured independence of Mr. Parker, and from the comparatively high tariff which increasing traffic, and the necessity for public accommodation, had enabled him to levy from his guests.

On the evening of a hot summer day, a single visitor occupied the verandah of the inn, seated on a rough bench, and partaking of some refreshment. A dog lay curled up at his feet, which were "booted and spurred," as if "ready to ride," although he seemed in no hurry to depart, albeit the sun was rapidly declining, and he had scarcely stirred from the position he occupied since he had taken it, three hours earlier. Perhaps he was so engrossed in the interesting intelligence of the Melbourne "Argus," which he seemed to be diligently studying, that he was oblivious of the lengthening shadows of evening.

He was a rough-looking fellow: such a one as a benighted traveller of nervous temperament would not wish to meet solitarily on a lonely road; or, meeting with whom, a bolder wayfarer would grasp his creaking staff, if he had one, more firmly. The man's dress was the ordinary costume of the bush, but rather particularly dirty, though neither ragged, patched, nor threadbare; but his countenance—as much of it as could be distinguished above a red, shaggy, neglected beard and appurtenances—was dark and lowering, indicative of both passion and craft, and the effect of which was in no way diminished by a slight obliquity of vision. To save further description, however, the man was none other than Mr. M'Weevil, older by some years than when we last parted company, and bearing deepened marks and impressions of dissipated habits, though otherwise not materially changed in appearance or character.

"I say, Mr. Parker," said the bushman, as the innkeeper stepped from the door of his house on to the verandah, "what do you think of the look of it now?"

"The look of what, Mr. M'Weevil?"

"Of what the paper's full of every week, and what's in everybody's mouth—I mean that, of course. Look here, sir;" and he laid his forefinger on the paper.

"Oh! about the gold-findings! Well, it depends on which way one looks at it."

"And which way do you look at it, Mr. Parker?" asked the bushman.

"Two ways, Mr. M'Weevil," responded the other: "if I look at it as an innkeeper, I should say it is a good thing enough; for though we don't lay in the track exactly, there's a good deal more stirring through the colony than there used to be—a good many coming and going back'ards and for'ards, you see; and lots of people coming into the country that wouldn't if it hadn't bin for the gold; so it makes trade brisk."

"That's why you lay it on so high, I suppose," said M'Weevil, testily. "I don't see why I should pay twice as much as I did in old Nancy Britton's time, neither. What's the gold-digging to me? I haven't found any on my run."

"I expect not, Mr. M'Weevil," replied the host, good-temperedly; "and as to Nancy Britton, that's neither here nor there: my charges are fair living charges, that's all. Talk about *that*, I sometimes wish you *had* found gold on your run, Mr. M'Weevil."

"That's what I've wished often enough; but I don't know why *you* should," said the bushman.

"You don't!" exclaimed the innkeeper, lifting his eyebrows. "You are duller than I took you to be: just read *that* bit, Mr. M'Weevil, since you've got the paper in your hand, and that'll tell." And Mr. Parker pointed to another column of the "Argus."

"You may read if you've a mind," said the stockowner, pushing the paper to the host. "I've had enough of it for once."

Mr. Parker took the paper, and read as follows:—"Publicans are making a good thing of it. Inns are daily springing up like mushrooms on the road, but the demand far exceeds the supply; and consequently "consequently," Mr. Parker read it) the meanest accommodation is to be obtained only at fabulous prices, and innkeepers are reaping a rich harvest, especially from the successful diggers on their return to Melbourne. It is no unusual thing for a party of miners to arrive at an inn, take up their abode in it, and carouse day and night, drinking, in enormous quantities, port wine at eight and ten shillings a bottle, champagne at a pound, brandy and rum at four times their original cost, and giving away, or even pouring on the ground, for mere wantonness, as much as they consume; carrying on this day after day, till their means are exhausted; and then returning to the diggings to renew their toil, and obtain fresh means for this killing dissipation. We recently heard of one man who, in the space of two or three weeks, had squandered some hundreds of pounds at various inns between Mount Alexander and Melbourne, and in Melbourne itself, till his money was gone, and he reduced to a pitiable state of mental imbecility. Parties going to the diggings have to pay dearly for all they buy on the road, and for lodgings. For instance, the ordinary price of a glass of ale, intrinsically worth a penny, is sixpence; and all things else are about in the same proportion!" There, Mr. M'Weevil, don't say anything more about my charges, if you please."

Mr. M'Weevil gave an impatient grunt. "I wonder you don't walk yourself off thereaway, Mr. Parker. Why don't you?" he said.

"Because I don't much like shifting and changing, Mr. M'Weevil; and so I reckon after all it

wouldn't suit; besides, I told you that, looking at it as an innkeeper, this gold-finding makes my trade brisk, in a respectable sort of way, and that's all I ought to want."

"If you are satisfied, I am," said Mr. Weevil; "but you said there were two ways of looking at it: what's the other?"

"Ah! the other way isn't quite so bright, certainly," replied the innkeeper. "Looking at it as a farmer, with a decent little run—though it is a little one—I should say, with you, that they'd better have kept the gold-finding to the old colony, Mr. Weevil."

"You are right there," said the stockowner; "as things go on now, 'tis downright ruination—that's what it is."

"Have you got your wool clipped yet, Mr. Weevil?" the host asked. The question was a simple one, but it was like a match applied to gunpowder. A violent explosion burst forth from Mr. Weevil.

"'Tis true what I heard, then?" continued Mr. Parker, when the storm had partially subsided.

"I don't know what you heard, Mr. Parker; but if you were told that the fellows wanted all the wool for the trouble of shearing, you heard what's about the fact."

"And they got it, of course?"

"No, they didn't get it, Mr. Parker; and the sheep are sheared, if you want to know."

"Oh, I didn't want to know in particular; only one likes to be neighborly. There was a good clip at Hunter's Creek this year, anyhow; Mr. Bracy's drays went by pretty heavy."

The mention of Mr. Bracy called forth a fresh outburst of displeasure from Mr. Weevil.

"Why, what's the matter with the man?" exclaimed the innkeeper. "It isn't true what I heard, then, I reckon, that Mr. Bracy sent his men over to your run to help you out of your hobble?"

"What makes you think it isn't true, Mr. Parker?"

"Well, I mean to say that, if it is true, you have got a queer way of giving thanks, that's all, Mr. Weevil."

"I don't thank him a bit, sir," said Mr. Weevil, sullenly. "What if he did send his men over to lend us a hand at shearing? Didn't he entice away our stockman, like a methodist as he's turned to be, with his chapel and psalm-singing and Sunday goings-on at Hunter's Creek, enough to make a dog sick?"

"I don't know about that, Mr. Weevil. I don't think a man's ever the worse for having the fear of God before him, either. And from all I know, Mr. Bracy's one of the right sort, upright and downstraight. But what about your stockman? I haven't heard of that."

"Why, directly there was a stir made about these new gold-fields, didn't he, and Irving, and that long-limbed American fellow at Darville Creek—"

"Mr. Matson, you mean?"

"Yes, I do mean Mr. Matson. Didn't they agree together to raise their men's wages at once, without waiting to see what would turn up? Tell me that, Mr. Parker."

"Well, I believe they did; and I can't say but

what they did the best thing for themselves too. Anyway, they have kept their men together better than some of the rest of us."

"And didn't our stockman hear of it?" continued Mr. Weevil, fiercely; "and didn't he up directly and tell us that he wasn't going to stop with us on the old terms?"

"I should say it's very likely: it's just what my stockman did, anyhow."

"And you raised his wages, of course?" inquired Mr. Weevil, ironically.

"Of course I did. I offered him the other twenty pounds he struck for, and he stopped. It's what every farmer must do now-a-days: and that's why I say that things don't look over and above bright for us. And I don't know about that neither; for if we give higher wages, we'll get higher prices some of these days, and then 'twill be as broad as it is long, and broader too, in the long-run, perhaps. And so I reckon that you wouldn't raise your man's wages?"

"You reckon just the right thing to a tee, Mr. Parker: no, we wouldn't, and so off he went. But I say," he added, after a short pause and in an altered tone, "we've some thoughts, Parker, of giving up our run—Morris and I—"

"Ah, I heard as much, Mr. Weevil," replied the innkeeper, not apparently surprised. "They say that you are going to try your fortune at the diggings."

"May be so, and may be not, Mr. Parker; but since you have heard it, there's no harm in making you an offer of our run, if we should decide to go."

"Much obliged, Mr. Weevil," said the innkeeper; "but 'twouldn't answer my purpose, I reckon. I have got as much to see to now as I can manage; and—"

"Oh, very well; there's no harm done. We shall meet with a customer, I dare say," and rising from his seat as he said this, Mr. Weevil paid his reckoning, and was slowly turning his steps to the shed where his horse was tethered, when a cloud of dust in the distance announced the approach of a drove of cattle from the bush; and, watching till they came nearer, the stockowner perceived two mounted drivers keeping together the drove, and apparently making towards the inn. He accordingly, and for some secret reason of his own—not unconnected, probably, with the pack of cards which he invariably carried with him when away from home—returned to his former position and re-charged his short black pipe.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A SHORT ONE, CONTAINING A DIGRESSION.

WHILE Mr. Weevil is waiting in silence the expected arrival, we may add a few words of explanation respecting one or two matters hinted at in the foregone dialogue.

To begin with the gold-fields, to which the speakers had referred—Mr. Weevil was by no means alone in speaking of their discovery as "downright ruination" to the farming and grazing interests of the young colony, which, under the new and high-sounding title of Victoria, had not long commenced an independent existence.

While the gold discoveries had been confined to the interior of New South Wales, their effects in

the neighbourhood of Hunter's Creek had been of small importance. But when those discoveries were followed by the announcement of the opening-up of the gold-mines in the colony of Victoria, within easy reach of Melbourne, and more productive than those of Ophir and the Turon, serious consequences immediately ensued, and results still more serious were apprehended. Melbourne and its sister town Geelong were for a time half deserted; and shepherds, stockmen, hutkeepers, farm-labourers and mechanics, at the first sound of the golden tidings, began to abandon their callings and to flock to the auriferous regions. Farmers and stockowners looked around them in desperation. Untended flocks, unherded cattle, and harvests sown which could never be reaped, were presented to their bewildered imaginations. In some instances, these forebodings were fulfilled; and, as will be readily supposed, the arbitrary or niggardly were the first and greatest sufferers. It was true that sheep-shearers had refused, more than once, to take less than the entire clip of wool in payment for their labour, while other workmen demanded a pound a day for their work, and obtained it too; and the wages of stockmen, shepherds, and hutkeepers were suddenly doubled. All this bore hardly on farmers and stockowners, many of whom gave up their farms and runs in desperation, sold their stock, and started to the diggings.

On the other hand, there were those who looked more cheerfully into the future, and boldly battled with present inconveniences, in the hope of a future and not far distant advantageous reaction. By wise and spontaneous liberality they retained sufficient labour-force to keep off the first disastrous consequences; and by mutual co-operation, where it was practicable, they still farther lightened the burden. And, after all, there was much good feeling and consideration shown by the mass of workmen, who, though they would not be restrained from trying at the diggings, consulted the interests of employers also, and in so doing averted some of the dreaded evils which had been predicted to the colony. In the meantime, immigrants, at the rate of a thousand a day, were landing in the colony, and though their first rush was towards the diggings, there was a constant though smaller stream of the dissatisfied and unsuccessful flowing from the diggings into the pastoral bush, to fill up the vacancies which recent events had caused. Such was the state of affairs at the date to which our story has advanced. We turn to another subject.

It will be judged, from the conversation we have recorded, that Mr. M'Weevil's narrow escape from destruction at the cattle-branding had wrought in him no salutary effect. From due and successful nursing at Hunter's Creek he had made his escape as early as practicable; and thereafter had seemed to bear a more than ordinary grudge against his neighbours the Bracys, arising in part, perhaps, from the remembrance of his enforced sobriety during that season, in addition to the abhorred water-grueling to which he had necessarily been subjected. But his dislike more particularly arose from the fact that, in spite of the disaster of the flood, the owner of Hunter's Creek seemed to be rapidly prospering, while himself and his partner, with all their unscrupulosity, were becoming more and more embarrassed.

With one more explanation, we bring this digression to a close. In a previous chapter we have represented the family at Hunter's Creek as so well satisfied with the pleasant world around them, as to have no thoughts less welcome than those which reminded them that they were not to live in it for ever. Their security, however, and their happiness as well, had been roughly shaken—first by the tragic death of Archie Irving, and then by the flood, which for a time inflicted a severe stroke on their prosperity. In those days of adversity, consideration had been forced upon them; and it was well that, in both cases, the efforts of friendship had not been less directed to the right improvement of these strokes of Providence, than to the alleviation of present sorrow. They had always supposed themselves to be Christians, we have said; but intercourse with their new friends, the Matsons, had revealed to them by degrees their entire deficiency in all that constitutes Christian character, gives Christian stability, and reveals Christian hopes and prospects. They found, much to their surprise, dismay, and confusion, that they were not Christians at all. We shall not pursue this subject any further than to say that the "goings on" at Hunter's Creek, which were hinted at by Mr. M'Weevil, were among other indications that, in this very essential matter, "old things had passed away."

We have already said that the friendship of Challoner Matson had been of service to Frank Layton—of whom we have lately lost sight: this friendship, indeed, was an era in his history; particularly so, inasmuch as it convinced him that a life in the bush was quite compatible with a holier and better life of the soul.

We beg Mr. M'Weevil's pardon for keeping him so long in expectation of the fresh arrival at Parker's Inn, which was, moreover, delayed by the ill-conduct of a refractory bullock, which seemed bent upon exploring the adjoining bush. This difficulty was at length overcome, however; and the drove of cattle was safely secured in a piece of well-fenced pasture land near the inn, evidently intended for such occasions, and which was to be their resting-place for the night.

CHAPTER XLV.

ARRIVALS AT THE INN.

As the stockmen, after securing the cattle and taking care of the horses from which they had dismounted, stepped under the verandah of the inn, Mr. M'Weevil's countenance suddenly became overcast, and an audible grunt—we can use no other term so descriptive—of dissatisfaction and suppressed aversion escaped him.

"Ah, Mr. M'Weevil," said the younger of the men, in a hearty tone, offering his hand, which the stockowner carelessly took; "curious now that we should meet again, where we saw each other for the first time, though there have been some alterations since then."

"Alterations! yes, you'll find it so if you are going to put up here for the night, as I suppose you are. Mr. Parker won't let you off so cheap as Nancy Britton did, I reckon," replied Mr. M'Weevil, who seemed to resent very deeply the change which time had wrought in this particular.

"I tell you what, Mr. M'Weevil," exclaimed a

sharp voice from an open window hard by, "if you haven't got nothing better to do than run down our fair charges, you might as well be holding your tongue. I reckon nobody asked you to be stopping here by the half-day, a-doing nothing; and if the gentlemen like to camp out instead of getting between clean sheets, why they're welcome to—that's all."

Mr. McWeevil replied to this oburgation with a loud and scornful laugh. "You hear what that lively lady, Mrs. Parker, says, Mr. Layton," he added: "she gives you your choice though, and that's a comfort."

"Oh, sir," said Frank, "we'll face the reckoning for once; and I have so good an opinion of Mrs. Parker's moderation, that I may venture to ask you to join us, if we can prevail on our hostess to furnish us with a late dinner without unnecessary delay; for the truth is, we have not dined;" and, followed by his old companion Barnes, our hero stepped into the inn, and, by a few words of gentle good-humour, he succeeded in restoring the equanimity of Mrs. Parker, and in bespeaking the necessary attentions of the maid of the inn.

"How very grand we are!" muttered Mr. McWeevil, contemptuously, as, after a momentary hesitation, he followed Frank's footsteps. "Never mind; I may as well have a feed, as he offers it: he owes me something for saving his life a while ago, and that's cheap at a mutton chop, if there is nothing more to be got. Besides," thought he, if he did not say it, "I may as well find out what this move is about."

Time had wrought other changes than those noticeable in the tavern and its accessories. Five years, or thereabouts, of bush life had cast a flush of healthy brown over Layton's skin, and given tension to his nerves. He was taller, more active, and more manly; and the almost beardless youth of former days re-appeared in the close and neatly-trimmed but full beard and moustache of mature manhood, which had imparted to him also the firm step and confident bearing of habitual responsibility and self-dependence and control. Neither had he forgotten, bushman as he was, that he had some slight hereditary claim to the character and bearing of a gentleman farmer. In avoiding the debasing vices and keeping above the general ignorance of the majority of stockmen with whom he had come in contact, he had kept clear also of their careless and slovenly habits. He had not found it necessary to smoke rank tobacco by the pound or half pound weekly, nor to wear dirty linen in preference to clean. Perhaps he had narrowly escaped being a bush dandy: but he had escaped it; and thus, while in point of dress, from the cabbage-leaf hat which he wore for convenience to the stout boots on his feet, there was nothing in the slightest degree pretentious or unusual, except in the matter of cleanliness: there was an air of quiet and unobtrusive superiority, both in dress and *ad-dress*, which, in the eyes of Mrs. Parker at least, constituted him a gentleman, and prompted the good lady to add, surreptitiously, an additional bow to her cap, and to infuse a sweetening of graciousness into her—if truth must be told—somewhat vinegar aspect.

Frank's old companion, Barnes, was so slightly altered, that, with the addition of a few more gray

hairs, a further description is as unnecessary as it would be inconvenient, seeing that, while we have been sketching more fully than heretofore the portrait of our hero, the steaks and chops which are to form his evening repast have been done to a turn, and are now awaiting prompt demolition.

For a time the operation of eating was but scantily interspersed with conversation; a sarcastic sneer, first at the clean damask which Mrs. Parker—in honour of her gentleman guest, perhaps—had spread upon the table, and then another at Frank's short but reverential "grace before meat," were all that for some time escaped Mr. McWeevil's lips. The stockmen ate like hungry men, as they were; and so did their dogs, when bone after bone fell to their share, like hungry dogs, as no doubt they were too. Mr. McWeevil and his dog followed the example. We shall leave the party a while to their pleasant occupation, and step out in front of the inn, where Mr. Parker is cooling himself after the fatigues and heat of the day.

The short twilight of the summer's day was already throwing deep shadows across the valley, when the sound of horses' feet was heard; and, after the lapse of a few minutes, two other travellers drew up to the verandah of the inn.

The principal personage of these was a young man, tall, well-proportioned, apparently muscular, and hardened by exposure. He was well dressed in stout serviceable travelling gear, and well mounted; so also was his black companion or attendant; but the horses were manifestly distressed with travel; and the travellers, quickly alighting, did what all good travellers should do, in Australia as elsewhere—gave attention to the comfort of their beasts before particularly seeking their own.

"Some alterations since I was here last, sir," said the white traveller, looking curiously around him, and addressing the landlord; who, in his turn, inquisitively scanned the countenance of his guest.

"Ay, sir, maybe; so I am told, and so I ought to know, having made them: but you won't find the place any the worse for its changes, I hope. How long may it be, sir, since the time you speak of?"

"Five years, probably," said the traveller; adding, "No, I should judge that the change is for the better."

"I should fancy so," said mine host; "but come in and judge for yourself, sir."

"In one minute, my friend. You have company, I see: any one from Hunter's Creek with yonder bullocks?"

"No doubt of it, sir: there's the brand on them plain enough; the men are at supper now, or dinner they call it."

"All right, then," said the stranger. "I expected to come up with them here; and now, by your leave, we'll join them."

"Does blackey go with you, sir?" asked the host, after a momentary hesitation, and in a low tone.

"Certainly," replied the traveller, with some haughtiness. "Have you any objection?" he asked, in a tone which implied that he was ready at a moment's notice to demolish it, if there should be one, with hearty good-will.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I fancied he might be

your servant; and the gentleman that's at supper—"

"If he is what I take him to be," said the stranger, interrupting the host, "isn't likely to do battle for a shade of colour, darker or lighter. But if he does, it is of no consequence; this man"—and the traveller spoke with some emphasis, as he turned to the black, who had retired a few steps while the whispered conference was proceeding—"is my companion and friend, sir;" and, without further parley, he entered the inn.

CURIOSITIES OF MUD.

WITH the exception of some naughty children who love to be dabbling in the dirt, most persons have a natural horror of sloughs and miry places, picking their way cautiously on tip-toe through them when necessarily encountered, and quickly removing from shoe-leather and upper vestments the consequent bespatterment. We think with pity upon our ancestors, who had to traverse unpaved streets, and jog along roads of the natural soil, as soft as a pudding in wet weather; and wonder at their accomplishing so much locomotion, when putting one leg before the other was something like gauging the depth of a morass, and surely incurring greater defilement. Yet let us not be guilty of injustice to mud, for it is at present an object of interest to various parties: to the agriculturist, as a manure for his fields; to the physical geographer, as an evidence of change on the terrestrial surface, by its aggregation in certain localities and abstraction from others; to the microscopist, as sometimes largely composed of organic remains, and of living organisms invisible to the naked eye; and to a needy and somewhat vagrant class, who, careless of appearances, resolutely explore the slime of harbours and estuaries, on the recession of the tide, in the hope of finding some waif left by the retiring waters, which may be turned to profitable account. So we write a chapter on mud, especially referring to that of the river-streets, or of the streams on which we float. It is possible to stick fast in the mire, travelling by water as well as by land, for many rivers deposit sediment so abundantly, and shift their shoals so rapidly under the action of strong currents, that a channel open one day will be difficult or closed the next, owing to the change effected in its bed.

In many harbours and rivers of commercial importance there may be seen unsightly vessels fitted with dredging-machines, which are constantly at work, heaving up the mud from the bottom, where it has a tendency to accumulate, in order to preserve a depth of water sufficient for the purposes of navigation. No little odium has been incurred by the Russian emperor for neglecting his engagement to keep open in this way the Sulina mouth of the Danube, its only or chief navigable channel. Mr. O'Brien, a traveller who was at the entrance of the great river in September last, found the bar impassable, while the expanse of water in front was strewn with wrecks, some of which lay half uncovered, while of others the masts only were seen. They had been stranded on the mud-banks, and held fast, gradually sink-

ing to a lower depth in them. Nearly every vessel that had attempted to sail with a cargo, for a long time previously, had met with such disasters. There was, indeed, a dredging-machine; but it was lying idle, dirty, and uncared for, while close by was a gun-boat, manned by a marine lounging over the bulwarks, who amused himself by dropping bits of straw into the tide. The autocrat and emperor of all the Russias has evidently had no love for dredging; and it was an instance of simplicity on the part of the western nations in consenting to trust the efflux of the mightiest European river to his care. Russia has been much more eager to flch away firm land from her neighbours, by diplomatic arts and military displays, than to scratch up loose soil from the bed of an encumbered stream for the accommodation of commerce.

The material abstracted from harbours and rivers, to prevent their choking up, has either been carried down by the streams from the upper parts of their basin, or brought in by the tides, and deposited during the brief calm of high water. The former is generally the case. Its destination is very various, being determined by its quality, whether valuable as a manure, and by convenience of removal when inapplicable to industrial purposes. That upheaved from the channel of the Thames near London undergoes a somewhat singular transit. There are nearly three thousand vessels employed in bringing coals to the metropolis from the northern coal-fields. Upon discharging their cargoes, the ships get back to Newcastle and the other ports for fresh ones as fast as possible; and as there are not goods enough from London to freight them, they take in ballast to enable them to sail in safety. This ballast is chiefly the gravel and sand dredged up from the bottom of the Thames in and near Woolwich-reach. The Trinity-house takes upon itself the duty of supplying it. There is a ballast-office, to which the masters of collier vessels apply for the required amount when about to sail, and it is sent in lighters belonging to the Trinity-house, so much per ton being paid for it. About eighty tons on an average are required for each vessel; and about ten thousand tons per week are, we believe, thus disposed of. Upon reaching the Tyne or the Wear, the ballast becomes of no further use; and as it must not of course be thrown overboard into the rivers, it may be seen on many an adjoining site, lying in huge heaps from two to three hundred feet high, forming ranges of miniature hills. Thus, literally, does the bed of the Thames go to form the banks of the Tyne; and the soil of our southern districts is transported to the northern. It is certainly a curious instance of exchange, that Newcastle sends its subterranean coals to London, and London sends its subaqueous shoals to Newcastle.

Poetical minds have found sermons in stones, tongues in the trees, and voices in running brooks. But without any exercise of imagination, prying microscopists have found equal wonders in mud—life and death. They have not only been *there*—that is, present in the compost—but the dingy mass has been shown to consist largely, in various places, of the organisms of the living and the carcasses of the dead! To M. Ehrenberg, the Prussian naturalist, we are indebted for the truly wonderful discovery, that extensive masses of hard

rock, as the polishing-slate of Bohemia among others, are composed mainly of the mineralised skeletons of animalcules, individually small to invisibility without optical aid, but making up by numbers which arithmetic fails to express for their excessive minuteness. Having ascertained this fact, he was led to inquire whether similar formations might not be in course of production at present; and arrived at the conclusion, that a very large proportion of the mud deposited by certain rivers flowing into harbours consisted partly of living microscopic organisms, and partly of the empty shells of siliceously-enveloped dead individuals. In the harbour of Wismar, in the Baltic, these insignificant existences were found to form from one-twentieth to one-fourth of the mass of mud deposited. Similar experiments on the deposits at Pillau, the port of Königsberg, yielded a similar result; and at Swinemünde, the port of Stettin, which receives the waters of the Oder, microscopical analyses of its mud-banks gave a proportion of from one-third to one-half of distinguishable organic bodies. At each of these places, organised material was met with belonging to the waters of the ocean. It appears that, upon a north wind blowing, the sea-water is carried into the estuaries and rivers—for the Baltic is nearly tideless—when the marine animalcules are gradually killed by contact with the fresh water. This fact is particularly perceptible with reference to the mud of the Elbe, from Cuxhaven at its mouth to some distance above Hamburg. It consists, to a very considerable extent, of organic beings once existing in the sea, but which have there been brought into the river by the flood-tide of the German ocean, and destroyed by the fresh water of the stream. Observations upon the deposits of the Nile, brought from places in Dongola and Nubia—from Thebes and Ghizeh in Upper Egypt—from Boulak near Cairo—and from Damietta in Lower Egypt, have shown its mud to be largely of organic origin.

But there are river deposits of a widely different quality. The Liffey, with its tributary the Dodder, descends from the granitic mountains of Wicklow to the bay of Dublin, and carries into it such a quantity of material as to entail a serious expense upon the curators of the navigation in maintaining dredging-machines to prevent injurious accumulation. But on a microscopic examination of it by T. F. Bergin, esq., of that city, he found the deposit not at all agreeing in character with that of the north German rivers, as organic forms did not constitute one thousandth part of the mass. It consisted for the most part of granitic sand. This difference is a point of economic importance, for Ehrenberg supposes, with great probability, that the extraordinary fertility of the mud deposited on the arable lands overflowed by the Nile is not owing merely to the mechanical transport of soil, but to the vast amount of animal matter spread over the surface. The different deposits of the Irish river confirm to some extent this view. The floods of the Dodder produce an effect very far from fertilising; and irrigation has frequently in other places been resorted to for the improvement of land without that end being attained. Hence it might occasionally be of service for an agriculturist to be a microscopist, as an analysis of the mud of a stream would enable him to say whether

a benefit or the reverse might be expected from suffering it transiently to overflow his fields. Scientific knowledge has corrected many an error in practical agriculture, and contributed no little to the successful management of land. A farmer not long ago remarked, after hearing a zoological lecture, that it would have saved him many a pound had he heard it sooner. He had been in the habit of employing his men and horses in carting away large quantities of jelly-fish from the sea-shore, and using them as manure on his farm. But he learned, from the lecturer, that these gelatinous bodies are little else than masses of vivified sea-water. This is strictly true, for an individual specimen, weighing two pounds when taken from the sea, will, when drained and dried, be represented by a thin film of membrane weighing under thirty grains! Supposing, then, the farmer to have removed a ton weight in one load, the total amount of solid material would be only about four pounds, the rest being sea-water. A ton of jelly-fish, deprived of its fluid part, he might have compressed into a small packet, and walked home with it in his pocket. He has, doubtless, let the jelly-fish alone, since listening to the zoologist.

A VISIT TO COPENHAGEN.

ONE of the most remarkable and beautiful capitals in Europe is Copenhagen, which has of late attracted considerable public attention in connexion with the movements of our Baltic fleet. We sojourned there a few years ago, and entertain vivid and pleasant recollections of this chief Scandinavian city. A recent traveller, Mr. Laing, has somewhat elaborately compared Copenhagen to Edinburgh, and although we admit that the two cities possess a few great points of resemblance—such, for instance, as each being the capital of a small country lying far north in almost parallel lines; each approximating in size; each the distinguished home of literature and arts, and the chosen resort of literary and scientific men: yet here, we think, all resemblance ceases, as the reader who has not had an opportunity of personally seeing the Danish capital will probably admit, after reading the brief sketch we purpose giving.

Copenhagen (*Kjöbenhavn* in Danish) is probably one of the most level capitals in the world, as regards its site. It is built upon the Sound—the opposite Swedish coast being some nine miles distant—of which it commands a delightful prospect, and contains 130,000 inhabitants.* In approaching it by land, you behold little or nothing to remind you that you are about to enter a noble capital; a few spires and towers are all that rise above the level horizon, and the suburbs are very small, although of late they have increased, and probably will become of considerable extent in a few years. But from the sea, in certain positions, the view of Copenhagen is exceedingly grand. A vast mass of citadels, batteries, docks, etc., skirt

* Such, at least, was its population during our residence three years ago; but that frightful scourge, the cholera, in 1853, carried off upwards of 4000 people within a few weeks, up to which time cholera had never once visited any part of Denmark, although it had more than once raged in the neighbouring towns on the Swedish coast.



the shore, and beyond them you have a view of the most aristocratical streets of the new town, and of almost every tower, spire, and palace that the place contains. The city is strongly fortified, and is strictly inclosed by immense earthen ramparts, the summits of which are planted with trees, and afford charming promenades in the spring and summer months. Many other promenades, or *allées*, border the wide lakes or moats that encircle the ramparts, etc. To enter or leave the city landward, you must pass one of the four gates, which, in the shape of tunnels, perforate the ramparts, and are formidable-looking barriers, with their drawbridges, chains, cannon, and sentinels. They are closed at night, and, until a few years ago, no individual was permitted to enter by them during the night; but now (at one at least) you may enter, on payment of a slight toll, at any hour. All this sort of thing has a novel and not altogether pleasant aspect to an Englishman; but it is surprising how very soon one gets accustomed to it, and ceases to think about it as being at all extraordinary or uncomfortable. There are other national peculiarities which are equally impressive at first to the stranger. One of these is the custom of the watchman—quaintly-attired, antique-looking guardians of the night—who perambulate the streets, and from eight o'clock in the evening until five o'clock in the morning, throughout the

year, chant in a powerful and striking tone, a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour, and repeat it at intervals until the hour terminates. The verses are very ancient, and possess considerable poetical merit in the original Danish. To give some idea of them, we will here subjoin a faithful literal translation of the first and last:—

EIGHT O'CLOCK, P.M.

"When darkness blinds the earth,
And the day declines,
That time then us reminds
Of death's dark grave:
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,
At every step
To the grave-place.*
And grant a blissful death."

FIVE O'CLOCK, A.M.

"O Jesu! morning star!
Our king, unto thy care
We so willingly commend;
Be thou our sun and shield!
Our clock it has struck five.
Come mild sun,
From mercy's pale,
Light up our house and home."

These watchmen carry lanterns at their belts, and a stout staff in their hands, on which they

* Burial-place.

screw the *morning star*—a metal ball full of terrible spikes—as a weapon of offence and defence. When the street lamps—which are of oil, as gas has not yet been introduced—require relighting, the watchmen affix the candle in their lantern to the tip of their staff, for that purpose. They also give warning of fire by ascending the church towers, and striking a number of strokes, waving flags to intimate the quarter in which the conflagration rages.

To resume. The streets of Copenhagen are generally narrow, and this causes the foot-passengers to be very much mixed up with the vehicles on the road; but as carriages, etc., are only allowed to move at a rate of little more than four English miles per hour, few accidents result. The houses are substantially built of brick, and are of lofty and light appearance, windows being very numerous. *Astergade* (East-street) is the main artery of the business-part of the city, and presents a most picturesque and interesting aspect in the eyes of a stranger. Shops are small, and a stamp of old-fashionism pervades everywhere. The streets out of the main lines of traffic are remarkable chiefly for their air of extreme quietude and dull respectability. Several canals, for the convenience of small craft, pierce far into the town, and thus impart a Dutch-like aspect to those streets which are situated upon their banks. The grand distinctive features of Copenhagen consist of the surprising number and variety of its palaces, churches, museums, and other public buildings. We presume that no city of even thrice its size contains more note-worthy buildings. Of the more remarkable of these we proceed to give a brief account.

Christiansborg palace is a building compared to which the London general post-office, for example, or any other of the largest edifices in our metropolis, would appear insignificant in point of size. It is absolutely bewildering to ramble over this stupendous structure, and the eye can hardly embrace its exterior at one view, unless the spectator retires to a considerable distance. The aspect outwardly is not what can be termed magnificent, but the massive walls impress one with a perception of grandeur apart from mere architectural design. This vast palace contains the supreme court of judicature, the museum of northern antiquities, the royal library, and numerous picture galleries, halls, etc., etc. The king himself has almost entirely given up the palace to the service of the public, and now rarely, if ever, resides in it—preferring to occupy one or other of the many minor royal dwellings. The royal library, although occupying only a mere section of the building, is a gigantic repository of literature. Of all the sights we beheld, during our residence in the Danish capital, few gave us more unmixed delight than this noble library. The principal room is above three hundred feet in length, paved with black and white marble, and with galleries down each side, supported by pillars. The books are arranged on open shelves, so as to be very accessible, and we were practically shown how easily any required volume could be found. There are, in all, upwards of four hundred thousand volumes, and the whole of these are accessible to the public. There is a reading-room attached, but the books are lent out to any respectable resident, or to any person re-

commended by a householder. The whole aspect of this magnificent library reflects the highest credit on the management.

The museum of northern antiquities is the most wonderful and valuable collection of the kind in the world. It is contained in a large suite of rooms, where all the objects are arranged in systematic order, and the flood of light they throw on the mysterious unwritten history of very remote ages is as remarkable as it is also incontestable. The first room or two contains memorials of what is termed the *stone age* of Scandinavia, consisting of stone and flint weapons, tools, and utensils. Next in order we arrive at the *bronze age*, and here we see short swords, spear-heads, shields, trumpets, bracelets, buckles, etc., all of bronze. Finally, we arrive at the *iron age*, where everything is made of iron. All these relics of the past have been dug out of the ground—generally from burial-mounds. We have not space to dilate upon the extremely interesting facts they attest, but the great inferences drawn from them are briefly these. The stone age prevailed in a very remote period of the world's existence, when the people of the north were sunk in the grossest and darkest paganism; and it is clear that these ancient Scandinavians were not the giants popularly supposed, for the handles of their knives—and in a later age those of their swords—are much too small for the grasp of a modern hand! The bronze age was that in which they attained a knowledge of the uses of copper and tin, and as this age comes in abruptly, and as the above materials are not found in Denmark, it is presumed that they must have been introduced from some foreign countries. The iron age is the third great development of human intelligence, and is supposed to have been coeval with the advent of Christianity. Numerous gold and silver ornaments are found of this period, and also many Roman coins, which probably indicate pretty clearly from what quarter this increased knowledge of the arts reached Scandinavia. The stone age is reckoned to have prevailed full 3000 years ago; the bronze age to have commenced six centuries before the Christian era; and the iron age either a little before or a little after that glorious advent.

The other rooms of the museum are filled with an immense variety of valuable curiosities, arranged so as to capably illustrate the customs and manners of Scandinavia down to a comparatively modern period. Continual accessions are being made to the various sections, and every article of precious metal, found from time to time by the delving peasant, speedily finds its proper place in this grand national repository; for a wise law provides that the full bullion value of all articles of gold, silver, etc., shall be immediately paid to the finder, who thus is sure to promptly bring them in, instead of secretly melting them down or otherwise disposing of them, as is often the case in such instances in England, to the great and irreparable loss of science. The liberal example set in this matter by the little kingdom of Denmark might be advantageously adopted by our own wealthy empire. Altogether, the Danish museum of northern antiquities is the most truly valuable and interesting in the world, and is a splendid instance of what may be done by limited means,

when the system of classification, and comparison of one mute witness of antiquity with another, is carried out in an enlightened and painstaking manner.

Closely adjoining Christiansborg palace is a huge quadrangular building, in the Pompeii style, with Etruscan frescoes, the size of life, around the lower portion of the exterior. That building is the celebrated Thorvaldsen's museum, being entirely devoted to the gratuitous exhibition of the sculptures of that great artist. It contains many originals in marble, and casts in plaster of all other works by Thorvaldsen. The whole collection is prodigious, and impresses the visitor with a feeling almost amounting to incredulity, when he is told that one man's labours, or copies of them, are grouped before him. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true that Thorvaldsen alone sculptured every object, and not a few of the works are triumphs of modern art. What especially carried off the palm of interest, in our estimation, were the colossal statues of our Saviour and his twelve apostles. The marble originals are in Frue-kerke, a church in the city. The Saviour is represented with outstretched arms, in the act of saying, "Come unto me!" Thorvaldsen himself is buried, according to his own desire, in the centre of the inner quadrangle of the museum. His memory is held in the highest esteem by his admiring countrymen; but we regret to add that, apart from his transcendent talents as a sculptor, he does not, by all accounts, seem to have been an amiable man, and to vital religion he was indifferent. His father was a poor Iceland, a boat-builder and carver of the figure-heads of ships, who emigrated to Copenhagen, where the future sculptor was born in 1770, and where, returning after spending all the prime of his life in the exercise of his art in Italy, he died in 1844.

The university of Copenhagen is a noble establishment, with many able professors, some of whom are of more than European celebrity, and is attended by nearly a thousand students, a comparatively large number of them being young Icelanders sent hither for their education. We were much pleased with some of the latter, who showed us their humble little rooms. The poorer of them have each a room free, and an allowance from the fostering state of about 10*l.* per annum. The library of the university is the richest of any in Europe (excepting Paris) in Persian and Oriental mss., and its collection of Icelandic books in ms. is quite unrivalled. So beautifully are some of the latter written, that we at first actually mistook them for printed works. Some are bound in oaken covers, but the majority in thick antique parchment. This library is kept in a very remarkable building, called the *Runde Tårn* or Round Tower, which, as its name implies, is an immense round brick tower, rising to a great altitude, and with a church attached. An inclined broad plane of brick-work, without any stairs or steps, ascends spirally to the summit, interiorly, with such a gentle rise that a carriage might drive up; and it is asserted that Peter the Great, the half-insane emperor of Russia, actually *did* drive his empress to the summit in a carriage and four! The tower is crowned by an astronomical observatory, and commands a most extensive view both of Danish and Swedish towns.

The exchange is one of the finest specimens of brick-work that even Copenhagen possesses. It is a beautiful and exceedingly picturesque old building, with a fantastic spire of great height, formed of four copper dragons, whose tails wreath upwards to a point. It will be seen represented in the engraving that accompanies this sketch. Another building deserving of a word of notice is the church of Our Saviour, a fine edifice nearly three hundred feet high, and peculiarly remarkable for possessing a fine spiral staircase that winds outside the spire up to the very summit. Our limited space forbids more than mere allusion to the legion of other notable churches, palaces, hospitals, (which are conducted on admirable principles,) castles, etc. Some idea, however, may be formed of the profusion of princely edifices, by mentioning the fact that four marble palaces, built in the richest and most costly style of architecture, and filled with superb paintings and articles of *verve*, stand so near together that they form of themselves an octagonal place, being merely separated from each other by streets crossing at right angles.

With all this astonishing display of royal and public buildings, Copenhagen has an essentially modern aspect, which, alas! admits of easy but sad explanation. Two tremendous conflagrations, happening in 1728 and 1794 respectively, destroyed numerous streets and all the fine old edifices they contained. What, however, were spared by these fires were doomed, with a few exceptions, to destruction by the very cruel bombardment of the city by the British in 1807—an event which the Danes yet remember with bitter feelings, nor can we wonder at it. We personally have felt quite humiliated, when walking the streets of Copenhagen with a Danish friend; for, every now and then, he would point out the site of some noble church or other great building, telling us that our bombs had destroyed it wholly or partially.

The suburb of Christianshavn is separated by a narrow arm of the sea from the island of Amager, with which, however, direct communication is held by long bridges. This island, which is about eight miles by four, is a very remarkable spot, and possesses a singular history. Above three hundred years ago, a number of East Friesland families were brought to it, in order expressly to cultivate it, and teach the Danes the art of gardening. The descendants of these people to this day inhabit the island, to the number of about seven thousand, and supply Copenhagen with vegetables, milk, fish, etc. They yet dress in the true Friesland fashion, and are preached to in the Dutch language by their own ministers, although of course they understand Danish sufficiently for all practical usages. They also, we believe, retain their own civil and criminal tribunals, subject to the higher courts of the city. The name of their chief village is of itself suggestive of their origin. It is called "Hollanderbyen" (Hollander's-town). It is a level and swampish spot, but carefully cultivated, and the whitewashed, well-lighted cottages have a clean, pleasant aspect, with an air of quiet quaintness that is highly agreeable to a stranger wandering among them. The number of wind-mills on the island is quite astonishing, and, from its exposed situation, the winds from most quarters of the compass blow over it with extreme force.

The general aspect of Copenhagen is decidedly dull, owing principally to the absence of the commercial bustle one is accustomed to in English towns; but the people, although very slow and sober-going in everything that relates to practical progress, are gay and lively enough in their social and domestic circles—indeed they carry their love of pleasure and amusement to excess. The Danes are intellectually a most gifted people, and of late years have deservedly ranked very high in the pursuits of science and literature. Ørsted, Oehlenschläger, Hans C. Andersen, and others, have won such reputations, in their respective lines, that any nation might be glad to call them its sons. The entire Danish nation may be termed an educated one, for the law compels parents to send their children to school at the proper age, and if the parents are too poor to pay for their education, the state itself does that. There does not appear to be the terrible destitution among the lower classes of Danes that is so common with us. The poorest are decently clad, and do not lack the necessities of life—absolute paupers being very few. We do not recollect having seen more than three or four beggars during a residence of four months in Copenhagen, and not one drunken man did we behold, although spirits are very cheap, and universally drunk in small quantities at meals by all classes. Sweden contrasts very unfavourably in this respect, and also in morality, with Denmark. The excellent order that pervades the streets of Copenhagen, and the entire absence of the painful and disgusting scenes of folly and vice that so frequently are seen in large British cities, more than compensate, in our estimation, for the general lack of animation.

Living, on the whole, is cheap in Copenhagen—house-rent being one of the heaviest items. It is customary to live in *flats*, or on separate stories of large houses, in the same fashion as at Paris and Edinburgh. At Copenhagen, you usually enter from the street through a large gateway, and find yourself in a common yard, with two or more large houses, each having a common staircase, and a self-contained and separate family-dwelling of several rooms on each landing. We have resided in this manner at all the cities above named, and like the system very much, and think it might be advantageously introduced in London* and other large English towns. The Danish people are exceedingly kind and hospitable to any foreigner who sojourns among them, and we shall ever gratefully remember the very numerous unsought kindnesses bestowed on our unworthy self. This is a marked and amiable trait in their character, and is almost as universal as their love of their little country, and their readiness to sacrifice, without a murmur, all they possess in its service, even to life itself, as they have often done.

LITTLE SINS DANGEROUS.—A little rope sufficeth to hang a great thief; a little dross abaseth much gold; a little poison infecteth much wholesome liquor; a little honey corrupteth much sound doctrine; a little fly is enough to spoil all the alabaster box of ointment;—so, the smallest sin, without God's mercy, is sufficient to ruin our souls to all eternity!—*Phil. Boskieri.*

* It is now being tried, we believe, in the new street between Westminster and Fimlico.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SAILOR.

RATHER more than eighty years ago, a stout little boy, in his sixth or seventh year, was despatched from an old-fashioned farm-house in the upper part of the parish of Cromarty, to drown a litter of puppies in an adjacent pond. The commission seemed to be not in the least congenial. He sat down beside the pool, and began to cry over his charge; and finally, after wasting some time in a paroxysm of indecision and sorrow, instead of committing the puppies to the water, he tucked them up in his little kilt, and set out by a blind pathway which went winding through the stunted heath of the dreary Maolbuoy Common, in a direction opposite to that of the farmhouse—his home for the two previous twelvemonths. After some doubtful wandering on the waste, he succeeded in reaching, before nightfall, the neighbouring seaport town, and presented himself, laden with his charge, at his mother's door. The poor woman—a sailor's widow, in very humble circumstances—raised her hands in astonishment: "Oh, my unlucky boy," she exclaimed, "what's this?—what brings you here?" "The little doggies, mither," said the boy; "I couldna drown the little doggies; and I took them to you." What afterwards befel the "little doggies" I know not; but, trivial as the incident may seem, it exercised a marked influence on the circumstances and destiny of at least two generations of creatures higher in the scale than themselves. The boy, as he stubbornly refused to return to the farm-house, had to be sent on ship-board, agreeably to his wish, as a cabin-boy; and the writer was born, in consequence, a sailor's son, and was rendered, as early as his fifth year, mainly dependent for his support on the sedulously plied but indifferently remunerated labours of his only surviving parent at the time, a sailor's widow.

The little boy of the farm-house was descended from a long line of seafaring men—skilful and adventurous sailors—some of whom had coasted along the Scottish shores as early as the times of sir Andrew Wood and the "bold Bartons," and mayhap helped to man that "verrie monstrous schippe the Great Michael," that "cumbered all Scotland to get her to sea." They had taken as naturally to the water as the Newfoundland dog or the duckling. That waste of life which is always so great in the naval profession had been more than usually so in the generation just passed away. Of the boy's two uncles, one had sailed round the world with Anson, and assisted in burning Paita, and in boarding the *Manilla galleon*; but on reaching the English coast he mysteriously disappeared, and was never more heard of. The other uncle, a remarkably handsome and powerful man—or, to borrow the homely but not inexpressive language in which I have heard him described, "as *pretty* a fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather"—perished at sea in a storm; and several years after, the boy's father, when entering the Frith of Cromarty, was struck overboard, during a sudden gust, by the boom of his vessel, and, apparently stunned by the blow, never rose again. Shortly after, in the hope of screening her son from what seemed to be the hereditary fate, his mother had committed the boy to the charge of a sister,

married to a farmer of the parish, and now the mistress of the farm-house of Ardavell; but the family death was not to be so avoided; and the arrangement terminated, as has been seen, in the transaction beside the pond.

In course of time the sailor boy, despite of hardship and rough usage, grew up into a singularly robust and active man, not above the middle size—for his height never exceeded five feet eight inches—but broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed, and so compact of bone and muscle, that in a ship of the line, in which he afterwards sailed, there was not, among five hundred able-bodied seamen, a man who could lift so great a weight, or grapple with him on equal terms. His education had been but indifferently cared for at home: he had, however, been taught to read by a female cousin, a niece of his mother's, who, like her too, was both the daughter and the widow of a sailor; and for his cousin's only child, a girl somewhat younger than himself, he had contracted a boyish affection, which in a stronger form continued to retain possession of him after he grew up. In the leisure thrown on his hands, in long Indian and Chinese voyages, he learned to write, and profited so much by the instructions of a comrade, an intelligent and warm-hearted though reckless Irishman, that he became skilful enough to keep a log-book, and to take a reckoning with the necessary correctness—accomplishments far from common at the time among ordinary sailors. He formed, too, a taste for reading. The recollection of his cousin's daughter may have influenced him, but he commenced life with a determination to rise in it—made his first money by storing up instead of drinking his grog—and, as was common in those times, drove a little trade with the natives of foreign parts, in articles of curiosity and *vertu*, for which, I suspect, the custom-house dues were not always paid. With all his Scotch prudence, however, and with much kindness of heart and placidity of temper, there was some wild blood in his veins, derived, mayhap, from one or two buccaneering ancestors, that, when excited beyond the endurance point, became sufficiently formidable, and which, on at least one occasion, interfered very considerably with his plans and prospects.

On a protracted and tedious voyage in a large East Indiaman, he had, with the rest of the crew, been subjected to harsh usage by a stern, capricious captain; but, secure of relief on reaching port, he had borne uncomplainingly with it all. His comrade and quondam teacher, the Irishman, was, however, less patient; and for remonstrating with the tyrant, as one of a deputation of the seamen, in what was deemed a mutinous spirit, he was laid hold of, and was in the course of being ironed down to the deck under a tropical sun, when his quieter comrade, with his blood now heated to the boiling point, stepped aft, and with apparent calmness restated the grievance. The captain drew a loaded pistol from his belt; the sailor struck up his hand; and, as the bullet whistled through the rigging above, he grappled with him, and disarmed him in a trice. The crew rose, and in a few minutes the ship was all their own. But having failed to calculate on such a result, they knew not what to do with their charge; and, acting under the advice of their new leader, who felt to the full the em-

barrassing nature of the position, they were content simply to demand the redress of their grievances as their terms of surrender; when, untowardly for their claims, a ship of war hove in sight, much in want of men, and, bearing down on the Indiaman, the mutiny was at once suppressed, and the leading mutineers sent aboard the armed vessel, accompanied by a grave charge, and the worst possible of characters. Luckily for them, however, and especially luckily for the Irishman and his friend, the war-ship was so weakened by scurvy, at that time the untamed pest of the navy, that scarce two dozen of her crew could do duty aloft. A fierce tropical tempest, too, which broke out not long after, pleaded powerfully in their favour; and the affair terminated in the ultimate promotion of the Irishman to the office of ship-schoolmaster, and of his Scotch comrade to the captaincy of the foretop.

My narrative abides with the latter. He remained for several years aboard the man-of-war, and, though not much in love with the service, did his duty in both storm and battle. He served in the action off the Dogger-bank—one of the last naval engagements fought ere the manœuvre of breaking the line gave to British valour its due superiority, by rendering all our great sea-battles decisive; and a comrade who sailed in the same vessel, and from whom, when a boy, I have received kindness for my father's sake, has told me that, their ship being but indifferently manned at the time, and the extraordinary personal strength and activity of his friend well known, he had a station assigned him at his gun against two of the crew, and that during the action he actually outwrought them both. At length, however, the enemy drifted to leeward to refit; and when set to repair the gashed and severed rigging, such was his state of exhaustion, in consequence of the previous overstrain on every nerve and muscle, that he had scarce vigour enough left to raise the marlinspike employed in the work to the level of his face. Suddenly, when in this condition, a signal passed along the line, that the Dutch fleet, already refitted, was bearing down to renew the engagement. A thrill like that of an electric shock passed through the frame of the exhausted sailor; his fatigue at once left him; and, vigorous and strong as when the action first began, he found himself able, as before, to run out, against his two comrades, the one side of a four-and-twenty pounder. The instance is a curious one of the influence of that "spirit" which, according to the wise king, enables a man to "sustain his infirmity."

It may be well not to inquire too curiously regarding the mode in which this effective sailor quitted the navy. The country had borrowed his services without consulting his will; and he, I suspect, reclaimed them on his own behalf without first asking leave. I have been told by my mother that he found the navy very intolerable;—the mutiny at the Nore had not yet meliorated the service to the common sailor. Among other hardships, he had been oftener than once under not only very harsh, but also very incompetent officers; and on one occasion, after toiling on the foreyard in a violent night-squall with some of the best seamen aboard, in fruitless attempts to furl up the sail, he had to descend, cap in hand, at the risk

of a flogging, and humbly implore the boy-lieutenant in charge that he should order the vessel's head to be laid in a certain direction. Luckily for him, the advice was taken by the young gentleman, and in a few minutes the sail was furled. He left his ship one fine morning, attired in his best, and having on his head a three-cornered hat, with tufts of lace at the corners, which I well remember, from the circumstance that it had long after to perform an important part in certain boyish masquerades at Christmas and the new year; and as he had taken effective precautions for being reported missing in the evening, he got clear off.

Of some of the after-events of his life I retain such mere fragmentary recollections, dissociated from date and locality, as might be most readily seized on by the imagination of a child. At one time, when engaged in one of his Indian voyages, he was stationed during the night, accompanied by but a single comrade, in a small open boat, near one of the minor mouths of the Ganges; and he had just fallen asleep on the beams, when he was suddenly awakened by a violent motion, as if his skiff were capsizing. Starting up, he saw in the imperfect light a huge tiger, that had swam, apparently, from the neighbouring jungle, in the act of boarding the boat. So much was he taken aback, that though a loaded musket lay beside him, it was one of the loose beams, or *foot-spars*, used as fulcrums for the feet in rowing, that he laid hold of as a weapon; but such was the blow he dealt to the paws of the creature, as they rested on the gunwale, that it dropped off with a tremendous snarl, and he saw it no more. On another occasion, he was one of three men sent with despatches to some Indian port in a boat, which, oversetting in the open sea in a squall, left them for the greater part of three days only its upturned bottom for their resting-place. And so thickly during that time did the sharks congregate around them, that though a keg of rum, part of the boat's stores, floated for the first two days within a few yards of them, and they had neither meat nor drink, none of them, though they all swam well, dared attempt regaining it. They were at length relieved by a Spanish vessel, and treated with such kindness, that the subject of my narrative used ever after to speak well of the Spaniards, as a generous people destined ultimately to rise. He was at one time so reduced by scurvy, in a vessel half of whose crew had been carried off by the disease, that, though still able to do duty on the tops, the pressure of his finger left for several seconds a dent in his thigh, as if the muscular flesh had become of the consistency of dough. At another time, when overtaken in a small vessel by a protracted tempest, in which "for many days neither sun nor moon appeared," he continued to retain his hold of the helm for twelve hours after every other man aboard was utterly prostrated and down, and succeeded, in consequence, in weathering the storm for them all. And after his death, a nephew of my mother's, a young man who had served his apprenticeship under him, was treated with great kindness on the Spanish main, for his sake, by a West Indian captain, whose ship and crew he had saved, as the captain told the lad, by boarding them in a storm, at imminent risk to himself, and working their vessel into port, when,

in circumstances of similar exhaustion, they were drifting full upon an iron-bound shore. Many of my other recollections of this manly sailor are equally fragmentary in their character; but there is a distinct bit of picture in them all.

We have extracted the preceding references to the early days of his excellent father, from the recently published autobiography of Mr. Hugh Miller,* the eminent geologist. The work, as might have been expected from the well-known literary qualifications of the author, abounds with many very remarkable passages of vigorous and graphic writing, that cannot fail both to instruct and delight the reader. As another specimen of the descriptive power of Mr. Miller, we give the following account of the battle of Culloden. It is interesting, in the middle of the nineteenth century, thus to have, almost as it were from the very lips of an eye-witness, a description of some of the incidents of an event that took place so far back as the year 1746. We hope shortly to revert again to this admirable volume.

One of the two Culloden soldiers whom I remember was an old forester, who lived in a picturesque cottage among the woods of the Cromarty Hill; and in his last illness, my uncles, whom I had always leave to accompany, used not unfrequently to visit him. He had lived at the time his full century, and a few months more; and I still vividly remember the large gaunt face that used to stare from the bed as they entered, and the huge, horny hand. He had been settled in life, previous to the year 1745, as the head gardener of a northern proprietor, and little dreamed of being engaged in war; but the rebellion broke out; and as his master, a staunch whig, had volunteered to serve in behalf of his principles in the royal army, his gardener, a "mighty man of his hands," went with him. As his memory for the later events of his life was gone at this time, its preceding forty years seemed a blank, from which not a single recollection could be drawn; but well did he remember the battle, and more vividly still the succeeding atrocities of the troops of Cumberland. He had accompanied the army, after its victory at Culloden, to the camp at Fort Augustus, and there witnessed scenes of cruelty and spoliation of which the recollection, after the lapse of seventy years, and in his extreme old age, had still power enough to set his Scotch blood aboil. While scores of cottages were flaming in the distance, and blood not unfrequently hissing on the embers, the men and women of the army used to be engaged in racing in sacks, or upon Highland ponies; and when the ponies were in request, the women, who must have sat for their portraits in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," took their seats astride like the men. Gold circulated and liquor flowed in abundance; in a few weeks there were about twenty thousand head of cattle brought in by marauding parties of the soldiery from the crushed and impoverished Highlanders; and groups of drovers from Yorkshire and the south of Scotland—coarse vulgar men—used to come every day to share in the spoil, by making purchases at greatly less than half price.

* "My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education." By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter. 1854.

My grandfather's recollections of Culloden were merely those of an observant boy of fourteen, who had witnessed the battle from a distance. The day, he has told me, was drizzly and thick; and on reaching the brow of the Hill of Cromarty, where he found many of his townfolk already assembled, he could scarce see the opposite land. But the fog gradually cleared away; first one hill-top came into view, and then another; till at length the long range of coast, from the opening of the great Caledonian valley to the promontory of Burgh-head, was dimly visible through the haze. A little after noon there suddenly rose a round white cloud from the moor of Culloden, and then a second round white cloud beside it. And then the two clouds mingled together, and went rolling slantways on the wind towards the west; and he could hear the rattle of the smaller fire-arms mingling with the roar of the artillery. And then, in what seemed an exceedingly brief space of time, the cloud dissipated and disappeared, the boom of the greater guns ceased, and a sharp intermittent patter of musketry passed on towards Inverness. But the battle was presented to the imagination, in these old personal narratives, in many a diverse form. I have been told by an ancient woman, who, on the day of the fight, was engaged in tending some sheep on a solitary common near Munloch, separated from the Moor of Culloden by the Frith, and screened by a lofty hill, that she sat listening in terror to the boom of the cannon; but that she was even still more scared by the continuous howling of her dog, who sat upright on his haunches all the time the firing lasted, with his neck stretched out towards the battle, and "looking as if he saw a spirit." Such are some of the recollections which link the memories of a man who has lived his half-century to those of the preceding age, and which serve to remind him how one generation of men after another break and disappear on the shores of the eternal world, as wave after wave breaks in foam upon the beach when storms are rising, and the ground-swell sets in heavily from the sea.

PECULIAR YOUNG LADIES.

In these days of candid exposition and penetrative criticism, when the *petits travers* of society, and even individual failings, meet with their full share of censure, it is altogether marvellous that a very pernicious species of domestic tyrants should hitherto have escaped denunciation. These family despots to whom I allude are known by the name of "peculiar young ladies," and their self-chosen vocation seems to be to banish comfort and happiness from the home circle. They do this most effectually, and yet without thereby incurring the least blame, the adaptive mantle of peculiarity hiding every failing.

The "peculiar young lady" may be, in some instances, the mature spoilt child; in others, the victim of discontent, or disappointment that the romantic career her youthful fancy pictured in perspective should have no better realization than usually befalls such airy dreams. In any case, the "peculiar young lady" has never been under the influence of any but imaginary griefs, for real

sorrow is more salutary in its effects, and never leaves such impure traces behind it.

Eliza is a young lady affected with peculiarity. Mamma and sisters inform their friends and acquaintances that they must not mind what Eliza says or does—"poor thing, she is so peculiar." You imagine you are being prepared to witness a case of mental derangement; but, "Oh dear, no!" how could you imagine anything so dreadful? No one could be saner than Eliza: she is only peculiar. You watch for the symptoms of this singular case, and discover that to be selfish, ill-tempered, and self-willed—to display, in short, the most offensive dispositions, is not to be wicked—it is only to be peculiar. Eliza governs principally by means of low spirits, of so communicative a nature that each member of her family is a victim to them before Eliza is dispossessed of them. What would not her unfortunate family do to avert an attack of this kind from the devoted Eliza! They would even sacrifice their several pet penchants, and indulge her in her most disagreeable caprices; this they do, and resignedly, if it have the desired effect. Mamma permits the infringement of her most cherished and revered arrangements in Eliza's favour, and though she needs it most, imposes no authority on this her "peculiar" child: papa forgets prudence and justice in his desire to charm away the family skeleton: brothers, after a very little murmuring, (it is hard for them), are hushed into acts of unheard-of fraternal complaisance: and sisters martyr themselves to excruciating self-denials; relinquishing in Eliza's favour carriage rides, visits, pic-nics, and sight-seeing of every description; and all this to keep up Eliza's spirits. Are the family alone? Eliza is either buried in a book, or must go to bed early—she feels so tired—there is nothing to amuse her. Are friends invited? social mirth is suddenly scared away by the tidings that Eliza is up-stairs, in some dreary apartment, crying dreadfully. Visitors are left in an uncomfortable state of feeling in the way, while mamma and the elder girls are absent, striving to soothe and calm Eliza; who, in that most unpleasant language of sobs, implores them to leave her to her own wretchedness, and to go down-stairs and be happy with the Smithers. Eliza is very imprudent in the matter of health, and keeps her family in a constant state of apprehension about her. She refuses to put off wet shoes and damp garments, sits in currents of air, and is otherwise perversicacious and incautious. Eliza will eat no meat, and indeed very little of anything else that is wholesome; but you have only to hint that any kind of food is indigestible, and she will partake largely of it.

By these means, Eliza at length arrives at the longed-for stage of delicacy—the perfection of peculiarity. It is now painful to witness the extent of anxiety felt by Eliza's family, lest she, whose very faults have, strange to say, made her their idol, should meet with the fate her foolish practices have invoked. It has been remarked that the afflicted child of the family is always an object of special regard and tenderness to its parents. There is a beautiful providence in this, when nature herself has been the dispenser of the evil; but when it has been brought on by the

heartless conduct of the victim, this special tenderness for so unworthy an object is altogether unjust and injudicious. Did Eliza find that her peculiarities were properly appreciated, and that they lost her the esteem of her friends, she would abandon them as bad policy, and, by becoming amiable and kind, would adopt the only method of re-kindling the affection which, be she ever so selfish, she must prize as the source of all true happiness to herself. If the "peculiar young lady" should, by some extraordinary strength of constitution, outlive the period of her youth, she becomes in reality a most miserable creature, ruined alike in mind and body, and without the sympathy of a friend. It has at last dawned upon the family's mind that Eliza's "peculiarity" is a bore. Eliza's habits of peculiarity having been confirmed by long indulgence, are not to be easily laid down; she continues them to desperation; and the family worm, so long crushed, begins to turn. Poor mamma vacates this world most inopportunistly; and married and single sisters, and brothers alike, eschew Eliza's permanent society. She has so long trifled with the ties of family affection; can she wonder that they should at length break? But still the change from devotion to coldness is not the less felt by Eliza, who is now cast upon the world, not perhaps portionless, but friendless, and deplores, too late, that she ever became "peculiar."

* * There is much good sense in the remarks of our witty contributor, and doubtless a little judicious firmness, mingled with great kindness, would be found in many instances an appropriate remedy for the complaints that arise out of the indulgence of morbid feelings. To all who suffer from such complaints, we recommend the perusal of the following wise counsels, extracted from one of the monthly volumes of the Religious Tract Society, on "Good Health:"—

How many commit a species of slow suicide by fostering the depressing emotions! For it must be confessed, that a very large proportion of the sufferings that occupy human life are not so often inflicted as voluntarily entertained. The pains of memory are prolonged far beyond what serves any good purpose, and griefs are nursed that had better be forgotten. How many refuse to be comforted, or to let any consideration withdraw their minds from what they are resolved to deplore! How many pass their whole lives in fear of a thousand things which may never happen, and never do happen! The degree to which we are acted on by positively distressing events, depends more on our own wills than we are disposed to confess. We need not take refuge in stoicism or selfish indifference, to escape the other extreme. There is sometimes a luxury, and often a very becoming propriety, in grief, and the gentler sex, especially, think themselves justified in seeking the relief of tears, which often means a passive yielding to emotion which never yet did anybody good. The faculty of crying can be cultivated to great perfection, and is most pernicious and enfeebling to mind and body. Whether it arise from sympathy, or from solid personal calamities, sorrow should and can be moderated. But the chronic excess which is most enervating is, perhaps, chiefly occa-

sioned by brooding and self-pity. Nothing is further from the writer's intention than to speak unfeelingly of the numerous class whose lives are passed with very scanty measure of the outward material of happiness, and who, if they have it at all, must get it from within themselves. But the effects are the same, however excusable the habit of "giving way" may appear to be.

We have written as if it were possible, by the mere force of will directed by good sense, to secure a great exemption from the moral causes of ill health; and nothing is more true. Both the quality and the degree of our feelings are put very much in our power. We may allow the mind to be wholly occupied and absorbed by what pains and annoys it, or we may refuse. A taste for laudable reading, and the capacity of being interested about things rather than persons; and, better still, the desire to do good and to make others happy; or the wholesome distractions of duty, will, in this point of view, be of the greatest service to health. It is the vacant mind that falls the easiest prey. To live for a good object is to be clad in armour.

But we are not left to contend against unhappiness by mere fortitude and good sense, though nothing can be done without them. The world is full of temptations and distresses, which need the sovereign antidote of confiding love to God as a Saviour in Christ Jesus, and a resulting unconditional acquiescence in his will. Half the things which vex human existence would find the heart insensible to their natural effect, if it were fixed in the belief that God is a Father to all who truly believe in Jesus Christ; that all things are open to his eyes, and nothing can happen without his permission, seeing that the very hairs of the head are all numbered, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without him; and that for every faithful soul there is "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven," 1 Pet. i. 4. With such a belief, a man can afford to forget delights that time could never restore, to forgive injuries that could never be retrieved, and to deny all affections that did not harmonize with so great a hope. And the residue of unhappiness which might remain after all other sources had been dried up, from the pressure of care, bereavements, loss of substance, and all the difficulties and trials of life whatsoever, would assume an altered and bearable aspect from the different interpretation that would be put upon them, as opportunities of proving the loyalty and sincerity of his faith. This would be the true philosopher's stone, that would turn everything into gold.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Do all the good you can. Whenever you hear of a poor widow, an orphan child, or aged man who is in affliction, pay that individual a visit. Do not hoard up all you earn; give a certain portion of your property to the poor. Never get angry. If you are slandered or imposed upon, better suffer a little, than to retaliate and use harsh language. Be not proud or selfish. Think not more highly of yourself and your talents than you do of the capacities of others. Pay all you owe. Keep out of debt. Get not entangled in the meshes of the law; avoid it as the sure gate to ruin. Shun vicious pursuits and unprincipled associates. Honour the Sabbath, serve God, and be devoted to truth and religion. Finally, take some useful periodical, and read it attentively, and our word for it you will be happy.—*American Paper.*

Varieties.

WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.—A copy of the will of Peter the Great has lately been printed by one of our weekly contemporaries. In it the Russian monarch points out the course to be pursued by his successors for the extension of the Russian empire and the subjugation of Europe. Nothing could have been more fortunate for a clear understanding of the present crisis in the Eastern question. That will throws a broad glare of light on the audacious conduct of the present emperor of Russia. It plucks aside the flimsy veil with which his pretensions are covered, and sets before us in their true colours the real grounds on which he has acted. After a careful perusal of it, it appears very evident that he is endeavouring to carry out the designs of his great predecessor. A few of the paragraphs are worth reprinting at this juncture. In clause nine he says: "Do all in your power to approach closely Constantinople and India. Remember that he who rules over these countries is the real sovereign of the world. Keep up continued wars with Turkey and with Persia. Establish dock-yards in the Black Sea. Gradually obtain the command of this sea as well as of the Baltic." In clause ten he says: "Carefully seek the alliance of Austria. Make her believe that you will second her in her projects for dominion over Germany, and secretly stir up the jealousy of other princes against her, and manage so that each be disposed to claim the assistance of Russia, and exercise over each a sort of protection, which will lead the way to future domination over them." These two clauses need no comment. In clause twelve he says: "Above all, recall around you the schismatic Greeks who are spread over Hungary and Poland; become their centre and support; hold universal dominion over them by a kind of sacerdotal rule; by this you will have many friends amongst your enemies." With such instructions to posterity, it is useless to affect ignorance as to the fixed present and ulterior designs of Russia upon Turkey. They point unquestionably to dismemberment and appropriation.—*Bristol Mercury.*

FLOWERS AND PERFUMERY.—Some idea of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce may be formed, when it is stated that one of the large perfumers of Grasse, in France, employs annually 80,000lbs. of orange blossoms, 60,000lbs. of cassie flowers, 54,000lbs. of violet flowers, 20,000lbs. of tuberose, 16,000lbs. of lilac flowers, besides rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odorous plants, in like proportion. Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are, it seems, the most prolific in their odour, while those from the colder are sweetest. Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico, and Peru, the South of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seats of the art. From their geographical position, the grower, within comparatively short distances, has at command that change of climate most applicable to bring to perfection the plants required for his trade. On the sea-coast his cassie grows without fear of frost, one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season; while, nearer the Alps, his violets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situations where the orange tree and mignonette bloom to perfection. England, however, can claim the superiority in the growth of lavender and peppermint; the essential oils extracted from these plants grown at Mitcham, in Surrey, realise eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the differences for delicacy of odour.

COSACK HORSES.—These animals, so highly esteemed throughout the Russian empire, abound in the Don. They were originally imported by the Tartars, and are a small wiry race, varying in price from 30s. to 60s. each. Obligated when young to endure severe winters, they are capable afterwards of undergoing any hardship; should they escape the epidemics and droughts of their own country, they are probably destined to be exposed elsewhere to the fortunes of war, as they are drafted in large quantities into cavalry regiments.

KALAFAT.—Kalafat, of which so much has been said lately, is a town of 2000 houses; is surrounded with walls; has a quarantine, a town hall, a custom-house, three churches, and a cavalry barracks. It is the chief place of a sub-administrator's district. The redoubts raised by the Turks are of great extent and very strong. They are partly raised on two high hills in the plain of Kalafat, about a mile distant from each other, and have a numerous artillery. All the neighbouring country is commanded by these hills, in such a way that no approach to the Danube can be made. In 1828 these hills were occupied and fortified by the Russians. Between Widdin and Kalafat the Danube is little less than a mile wide, and the course of it is very rapid. The island in which the Turks are fortified is situated near the left bank; it is partly covered with wood, and is defended by strong intrenchments in earth, bearing large artillery. Above Widdin the Turks have constructed a new citadel according to all the rules of art.

HOUSES OF THE WEALTHY DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—The two chief rooms were, the hall and the great chamber, or, as we now should call it, the best bedroom. Carpets were unknown; but the floor of the hall was generally strewn with rushes. The walls were covered with tapestry or other hangings. The fireplace was in a deep insertion in the masonry, leaving an open space large enough for the family to be ranged round it during the darkness of the winter evenings. One long table extended down the middle of the room with a form on each side; this constantly remained in the same position. A few stools and a couple of high-backed chairs, reserved for the master and mistress of the family, completed the "garnishing" of the hall. The bedroom was little more inviting: a large, heavy bed, a cumbersome press or chest, a few chairs, and perchance a buffet-stool or two, would sum up the furniture of this apartment.—*Wills and Inventories.*

HOW DRUNKARDS AND SMOKERS ARE TREATED IN RUSSIA.—Persons while in a state of intoxication in this country seem to enjoy the special protection of the government, who derive an important portion of their revenue from the monopoly of vodka, or corn-brandy, which is chiefly used in the production of inebriation. Mr. Oliphant was informed by a Russian gentleman that the police had strict orders not to take up any person found drunk in the streets; and he adds that the numbers of tipsy men, whom he witnessed reeling about the large towns, seemed to be sadly confirmatory of the accuracy of this statement. But while every encouragement is given to an extensive and public consumption of the juice of the grape, the fragrant weed enjoys no such immunity; far from it—a most determined war is waged against all smokers. A policeman will regard with complacency the besotted mujik, stumbling up against every passenger he meets; but if, perchance, he detect the aroma of tobacco, or see the end of a cigar lighting up some dark dismal street, he pounces down upon the luckless wayfarer who has trusted to the shadows of night to conceal his unlawful act, and demands from him the sum of three rubles.

RESTLESS HABITS OF THE CALMUCKS.—Besides those Calmucks who are under the dominion of the Russian crown, there are several divisions of the tribe, each governed by separate princes. One of the most celebrated of these has built a palace on the shores of the Volga, not far from Astrakhan. This appears to be the nearest approach to a settled habitation that any of these restless beings have attained to; and so great is their dread of a more composed life and industrious habits, that when they are angry with a person, they wish "he may live in one place and work like a Russian." They live chiefly upon horse-flesh and churned mare's milk, from which a kind of spirit is distilled.

A great deal of embroidery on muslin is now done in Europe by machinery; about one hundred and thirty needles are worked by a grown person and two children. The machine copies the pattern by means of a pantograph, and costs about 200l.